deserved to be discovered, there was a dispute as to which house in Market Street could claim me. The dispute was left unsettled in rather a curious way. On one side of the narrow street a haberdasher's shop bore the inscription, " Birthplace of Ellen Terry." On the other, an eating-house declared itself to be " the original birthplace " ! I have never been able to arbitrate in the matter, my statement that my mother had always said that the house was " on the right-hand side, coming from the market-place," being apparently of no use. I have heard lately that one of the birthplaces has retired from the competition, and that the haberdasher has the field to himself. I am glad, for the sake of those friends of mine who have bought his handkerchiefs and ties as souvenirs.

There is, however, nothing very attractive about the house itself. It is better built than a house of the same size would be built now, and it has a certain old-i'ashioned respectability, but that is the end of its praises. Coventry itself makes up for the deficiency. It is a delightful town, and it was a happy chance that made me a native of Warwickshire, Shakespeare's own county. Sarah Kemble married Mr. Siddons at Coventry too —another happy omen.

I have acted twice in my native town in old days, but never in recent years. In 1904 I planned to act there again, but unfortunately I was taken ill at Cambridge, and the doctors wfculd not allow me to go to Coventry. The morning my company left Cambridge without

me, I was very miserable.' It is always hateful to disappoint the public, and on this occasion I was compelled to break laith where I most wished to keep it. I heard afterwards from my daughter (who played some of my parts instead of me) that many of the Coventry people thought I had never meant to come at all. If this should meet